The Tripod.

VOL. IV. THORNTON ACADEMY, SACO, ME., DECEMBER, 1890. NO. 2.

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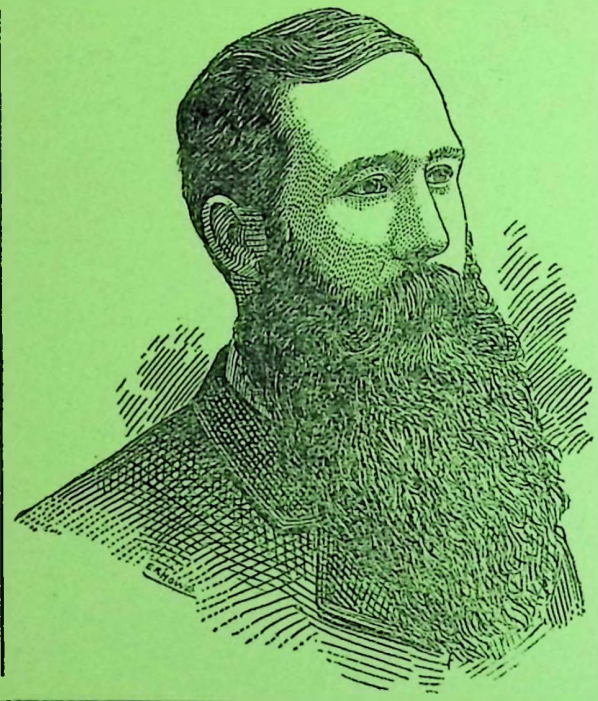

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THORNTON ACADEMY.

A LITERARY MONTHLY PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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Editorials.

Any of the students wishing to read the exchanges will find them in desk No. 30, main room.

Copies of the TRIPOD may be purchased at Kendrick's and Stackpole's in this city, and Bardsley's and Burnham's in Biddeford.

We are glad to receive friendly criticisms and will try to profit by them. Remember we're not experienced editors and don't expect too much of us.

In the next number a regular column of Bowdoin notes will take its place.

Many of us attended the entertainment given by the Biddeford Cadets. We congratulate them upon the success of the evening.

It may be interesting to the scholars to know that, on a clear day, Mt. Washington can be plainly seen from the laboratory windows.

We are always glad to see visitors at our school. Some of the Biddeford students have made us calls. They are always welcome.

Under Miss Lizzie E. Cleaves, teacher of vocal music, a chorus of about forty voices has been formed. The four parts are well represented. The lesson is taken every Friday afternoon.

As a newsbox is soon to be placed in the main hall, we earnestly request the students to notice it by dropping into the box their contributions for the TRIPOD. If there is any topic which you wish to bring before the school do not hesitate to write an article about it and drop it into the newsbox. Your name need be known to the editors only, though we shall expect a *non-de-plume*. Let us say here that we expect the scholars to fill the paper. It is a *school*-paper, not an editor's paper, nor one to be written by those outside the school.

Our Alumni.

Miss Mary Peyser has not yet taken her ranch, but is working in a shoe shop in Biddeford.

Miss Hattie Milliken is at her home in Saco.

Ralph Webber is clerking in C. H. Webber's store. He has caused a remarkable increase in trade.

Joseph N. Noyes is endeavoring to fulfill the

prophecies regarding his fate by making acquaintance with the forests of his country. He is busily engaged in J. G. Deering & Son's lumber mill.

Charles Scamman is engaged in his father's store in Biddeford.

Charles Sweetsir is at Portland studying. We have not inquired but feel quite sure that oratory is his specialty.

Bryant and Littlefield are enjoying the lot of the "Freshies" at Bowdoin—cold water baths are in order twice a week.

In the Gymnasium.

The bean-bags were perched on the rafters
Like so many fowls gone to roost,
When 'Tavin, armed with a bar-bell,
Cried, "Girls, come and give me a boost."

Then a poke and down came the bean-bags
Like rain in a summer shower,
But the pate that chanced to be near them
Drooped like a faded flower. —F. M., '94.

T. A. C. Entertainment.

The entertainment given at City Hall, Nov. 7, by the Cadets proved their capability in this direction. The hall was crowded with an appreciative audience.

Under the able management of their leader, Ralph G. Calef, the orchestra played well; the selections were received with well merited applause.

The piano solo by E. Floyd, and duet by Misses Perry and Burnham showed much skill. Miss Hill and Fred Dean were obliged to respond to an encore, which their banjo duet called forth.

Those who took part in the comedy, "Silvia's Soldier," showed their abillty as actors. Many were surprised at the talent displayed.

The gymnastic drill by girls' squad No. 1, under Capt. Prentiss, executed their commands with commendable promptness and precision. The squad has received instruction under Mr. Owen, teacher of gymnastics.

A drill by the cadets closed the entertainment, after which the young people tripped the light fantastic till midnight. K. M. T.

Exchanges.

The *Summit* seems to be conscious-stricken when it remarks, "You think these items are a lot of foolishness."

We have received this month as an exchange, *The Graphic*, a school paper of unusual excellence.

We notice several interesting articles in the *Alphian*.

The commencement number of the *Seminary Echo* contains some very fine essays.

We are very glad to receive *The Webster Journal* from Grove City, Pa. It contains some very interesting articles,

The High School Reflector, North Attleboro, Mass., is a treat. We wish there were more like it.

Besides the foregoing we have received the following, many of which are quite as good as those already mentioned, but of which we have not space to print anything except their names. They are:

The Mission Courier. Wilmington, Del.
The Lever, Colorado Springs, Col.
The Watch Tower, Conshocken.
The Berwick Scholar, Berwick, Me.
The High School Herald, Westfield, Mass.
The Temple College News, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Times, Haverhill, Mass.
The Star, Langhorne, Pa.
The Sieve, West Brattleboro, Vt,
The Monthly Visitor, Haverhill, Mass.
The Alphian, Owatonna, Minn.
The College Star, Hiram, Ohio.
The Summit, Winsted, Conn.
The Monthly Midget, Toledo, Ohio.
Seminary Echo, Willmar, Minn.
The Fern Leaf, Philadelphia.
American Eagle, Martin's Ferry, Ohio.
The Graphic, Athol, Mass.
The Cue, Albany, N. Y.
The Alfred University, Alfred Centre, N. Y.
Rockford Herald, Rockford, Ill.
The Cyclone, Bellafoutain, Ohio.
The Student, Portland, Oregon.
The Critic, New Haven, Conn.
The Academy, Worcester, Mass.
The S. H. S. Exponent, Denver, Col.
The Hermonite, Mt. Hermon, Mass.
Waterville Gazette, Waterville, Mass.

A Narrow Escape.

I early rose one morning,
To take a little climb
To the summit of a mountain,
Where the view was just sublime.

I took my Springfield rifle,
(And a beauty it was, too,)
In hopes to find a little game
In a certain place I knew.

I found a few fat squirrels
And a lot of little game,
And used all the ammunition
I had taken when I came.

The air was very bracing,
And the views were fine, indeed,
But the distance I was climbing
I did not stop to heed.

But as I neared the summit,
I glanced up at the top,
And at the sight I saw there
I thought that I should drop.

A bear was staring at me,
With a most unearthly grin!
I fairly shook with terror,—
I could feel myself grow thin.

The perspiration on me
Stood out in great big beads;
Ran off me down the mountain;
Soaked in among the weeds!

I slowly staggered onward,
I dared not turn and run,
For if the bear pursued me
I knew my life was done.

The air kept growing colder—
Was freezing in a trice,
And I found the perspiration,
Had FROZEN INTO ICE!

With one despairing gesture
My hands rose to my face.
I did some hurried thinking
When a happy thought took place.

From my face I took the icy drops,—
(Why'd I not thought before?)
And with these I load my rifle,
For in truth I'd nothing more.

I took a very careful aim
Between the creature's eyes;
I fired quick and then the bear
Looked up, in some surprise.

His eyes he then did wildly roll,
Gave one terrific yell,
And with his howls he rent the air,
And then—O joy—he fell!

I dragged the carcass down the mount,
Forgetting former fright;
For at my first and only fame
I felt a wild delight.

Physicians then I did consult,
The very best in Maine,
And they have said the creature died
Of "WATER ON THE BRAIN!"

—ENAL, '92.

The Buxton Road.

The Buxton road, like most other roads, has its interesting features. It extends from the Eastern railroad station to Salmon Falls. It is comparatively level, there being only one large hill, which is known as Davis' hill.

From the railroad station to Sandy Brook, are good farms and houses, but, after that for about a mile the land is low and sandy, and the houses old and black; then the rest of the way the land is fertile and under good cultivation.

There is a singular fact concerning a place about five miles out of the city, on the left side of Buxton road; people say the grounds once sank; they say it has been known to change.

Some interesting stories, (not to say facts), are told relating to this road. In the corner of River and Buxton roads, is a large willow tree, which, it is said, grew from a cane that an old man stuck into the ground.

About three miles from the station, in an old, tumble-down house, there are three old people living,—a man and his two sisters. One of these ladies, who is about seventy years of age, has never seen the cars.

There is another story of an old man who lived way back in the country, and who had never been to the beach. One day he took it into his head to go. He went down Buxton road until he got to Sandy Brook, when he thought he had reached the Atlantic. He spent the day there and then went home; no doubt greatly pleased with his trip to the seashore.

—O. MILLIKEN, '91.

F. Bean, '92, talks about trees 500 feet high! He proves his remarkable statement by saying that he had "read of 'em" so wide that thirteen men on horseback could enter them abreast.

A Happen.

A very sad thing once happened,
As often they will you must know
To the very best of good people,
Who live in this world here below.
This hap that I am to mention,
Is a very small thing indeed;
And I'd not pretend to tell you
'Less I'd thought it something you'd need.
It occurred one Wednesday evening,
On a night very fair but too cool.
A church circle—wasn't it funny—
Had gathered there most of the school.
He shook at the touch of the cold air
But thought, with chivalry true,
"Since I've been that long way all summer,
I wont back out now, it wont do."
So bravely he with the others
His fair lady ventured to ask.
Soon they were out in the starlight,
And in the cold breezes did bask.
That night the walk seemed much longer,
Than ever before to that boy.
But after some miles were passed over
He forgot to freeze, in his joy.
At the step, when at last they reached there
Was a story to finish, not done;
And before it was told and they'd parted,
Upon the air fell the stroke of one.
Alas! oh! alas! for that farewell,
Too cold! oh! too cold, and too long!
Our lieutenant a cold had taken,
Our lieutenant a cheek had gained,
One eye he had lost—not forever,
But all of his nose still remained.
Let this be a living example
To you, oh! T. A. cadet,
And always when tempted to do this,
Bear in mind, what you're likely to get.

—S. F.

Pods.

Lord tells us that the principal parts of Greece were Homer and the Odyssey.

Miss Kelly, '92, informs us that the crystaline lens is composed of jelly. If such is the case we wonder why eyes are not better preserved.

G. Bean, '92, has a hard time in the literature class. Being naturally bashful(?) he says he does not fancy playing the "rose among thorns."

Kendrick, '92, hits it once in a while with his "Yes'm, I guess so," but usually he doesn't know what he is talking about, judging from most of his recitations.

Miss Chase talks about "when Augustus Cæsar became *empire*."

Kendrick, '92, says it's quite a number of miles across the Atlantic.

Sawyer, '92, translates "Volcano superante" (Vulcan commanding), coming from a volcano! A good guess.

If the earth rotates from East to West as some of the bright scholars say; why doesn't the sun rise in the West?

Boothby, '92, told us a few days ago that Edward I. was not satisfied with conquering Scotland but tried to capture Whales.

Miss P—— told the literature class that when Annie Lee and Enoch Arden were children they played at keeping house, but when they became older they played house in earnest.

G. Bean, '92, translated "Mme. Benoît mourait d'envie de marcher sur le pied de son gendre," "Madame Benoit died with desire to march upon the foot of her *gender!*"

More babies this year than ever before. The trustees would do well to reserve a fund for the purpose of furnishing bottles or, better still, build a barn and keep a herd of cows.

One of the sophomores told the class in English literature that William Cullen Bryant was 204 years old when he died. Little wonder that he could write, "So live that when thy summons comes," etc.

Miss Nickerson, '92, inform us that the pulminory artery is in the neck. Her chief comfort now is that according to Fred Bean's physiology (not yet published) the knee-pan is situated between the shoulders.

Barrows, '94, described the flight of the Israelites from Egypt and the pursuit by Pharaoh who was stopped by the quicksands of the Red Sea. In answer to the question "At what part of the sea," he replied "At the bottom."

Sawyer, '92, was struggling through several Latin names in his Vergil, when he found the next one to be the longest of all—Neoptolemus. The other scholars were surprised to hear him say, "Jerusalem." Not quite the correct pronounciation.

You should have heard Floyd, '92, try to convince the French class, the other day, that the plural of one is two.

"No, we are not lunatics, we're practicing pull-the-string movement," explains the gymnastic squad to the horrified spectator.

F. Bean, '92, says we should not have a variety of food. Floyd, '92, wishes to know if he eats his bread one day and his butter the next.

The new cadet suits have not yet arrived. The boys will be obliged to resort to s(l)ackcloth and (s)ashes for raiment, if they do not soon make their appearance.

In general history Miss Sawyer, '91, said that the leader of the oligarchic faction at Rome was Pompeii! To be sure *Pompey* lies buried but as yet has not been restored.

Miss Lamb, '92, astonishes the physiology class by informing them that "the more a person eats the less food he requires." For a little time afterwards we suppose she means.

Deering's '91, sweet voice was heard singing as he changed his seat from the front, where he has been enjoying himself for a week, to his former seat, "I'm going home to die no more."

Talkative Senior—"Oh, I can work faster when I talk, my mouth helps my brain, you know."

Junior, dryly, "I wish your brain would help your mouth a little."

A young lady attended boarding school. While there she heard the word "mash" very often and finally asked what it meant. On being told it was synonomous with love, she rose in prayer meeting with the remark, "I'm mashed on the Lord."

The physiology class of '92 have already established their reputation for veracity. The following illustrates their Sinon-like truthfulness:

F. Bean, '92, told us one day that he knew a man who ate a whole sheep at one time, but, not being able to endure the forthcoming laughter, he confessed that he had only "heard tell" of it, though he still claims that the story is well authenticated.

Advance and give the countersign!

A Tragic Scene.

One spring day, about two years ago, I went for a walk in the woods. I started for Goose Fair Brook, but on reaching "the Ledge" sat down to rest a minute. After I had been there a few moments and just as I had concluded to go on, there came, from an old tree near me, a loud, shrill whistle, so like a cat-bird's note as to momentarily deceive me. But I soon saw my mistake, for, on more closely examining the tree, I saw a bird easily recognized as a Great Northern Shrike, or Butcher-bird. He was eagerly watching two or three little chickadees in a pine very near me. I watched them a little while with no great curiosity, for the chickadee is a common bird here and the shrike, though rarer, is quite common in the winter. Presently, I noticed that the shrike was doing more than simple watching them, he was silently creeping up to them. And then, for the first time, I understood that I was to see a tragedy in bird-life.

Suddenly, with a low but piercing whistle, the Butcher-bird shot, with the swiftness of an arrow, toward his prey. The one he had selected was half dead with terror, and literally fell to the ground. Had he stayed there he would have been comparatively safe, as there were many places where a small bird could have effectually hidden himself. Instead of this, however, he did the most unwise thing he could have done. Rising about ten feet, he flew out into the open space back of "the Ledge." Although he almost immediately realized his mistake and turned to go back, it was too late. As he turned, the shrike pounced on him and together they fell to the ground. Where the shrike killed his captive, I could not see how it was done. After resting a moment the shrike picked the poor, little bird up and flew off to the woods intending to make a meal of him, I suppose. Such an incident as the one related above is not often witnessed.

—JOHN L. GOODALE, '91.

One day in the French class George B., '92, was asked a question which he did not hear because "Lord, '91, laughed." Excuse enough!

Why I Didn't Graduate.

Born with intense thirst for knowledge,
And a grand desire to climb;
In my failing to graduate,
I crushed all my prospects sublime.

What was the mighty barrier
That thus could intervene?
To crush my best and earliest hopes
Or blight my fondest dream?

The grand point on which we differed,
The wise Principal and I,
Was respecting foreign languages,
Whose value I failed to descry.

"But sir," said the wise Professor,
"Learn at least a smattering
To double and twist your tongue in French,
And spread it out in Latin."

But like a mule I settled back,
And refused to take advice;
Which drove me from the road of fame,
To the common paths of life.

Out flew the linch-pins from the wheels,
Out rolled desires for fame,
Which gave me such a shaking up,
I could ne'er reload again.

Now while I gaze with longing eyes
Far up the heights of fame.
The common crowd tread on my corns
And keep my spirits tame.

Now shaded 'neath the tower of fame
Like a chicken in the spring
with noblest effort, only YIP
When I ought to perch and sing.

—LEWIS HILL, JANITOR.

Miss Beecher's Talk.

The Thornton Academy students were the recipients of a great treat this term. Miss A. M. Beecher, the lecturer whom we admire, both for her own sake and for the sake of the beloved preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, gave us a short talk upon physiological matters. She expected to speak only to the physiology classes but so many of the other scholars asked the privilege of listening that she spoke to all.

Her talk was bright, instructive and full of humor. After it she spent nearly an hour in answering the questions of the pupils.

Miss Beecher won the good will and admiration of the whole school and should she visit us again she would be greeted with great delight.

The following notes upon the talk were taken by one of the scholars during the lecture:

"There are certain laws of our being which we cannot violate with impunity. The laws of digestion and of vital forces will not be suspended on our behalf. When we violate these laws we shall reap the consequences, as surely as the sunrise follows the night. What is law? Anything that follows natural consequences. We have here a body; but there is something else which we don't see, hear or apprehend, and is it? What is death? All the the mechanical apparatus is there but it does not see, hear, or apprehend. Something is gone. What is it? We call it the soul and that involves everything but just this body.

The soul while it is in the body bears such a relation to it that you cannot injure the body without injuring the spirit. When I danced all night, I was not only doing my body harm but I was hurting my soul, because every violation of a physical law is a violation of a spiritual law.

The soul has such a power over the body that we can do almost anything with the body. If soul and body were perfectly related we could do anything we chose. When we have violated a natural law all we can do is to retrace our footsteps as far as we can.

The brain is the workshop of the soul and when that becomes disordered the spirit cannot work the machinery. Therefore when the brain is weakened, and the nerves, which are the connecting link between the spirit and the body, are shivering and shaking, the soul cannot use them as it should and they cannot properly represent the spirit.

Respect your spirit, the real ego I don't see you, the spirit, for it is invisible. I can see only the manifestations of your spirit. Therefore, first, yes, first of all, respect your bodies so that they may perfectly represent your spirit. Education! What is it but the hunger of the soul going out after its food? And unless the body is in a good condition how can that hunger be satisfied? Respect your bodies!"

—J. M. S., '92.

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The Elections.

Now, don't turn away disgusted, good Republican friend. You know the subject is not one which you delight in discussing at this season of the year. You will recollect that Matthew—not Quay, but the Evangellst. whose other name don't just now occur to us—told us, long years ago, that "many are called but few are chosen." He evidently had reference to the Republican candidates of 1890. At any rate. there were plaguey few of them chosen. But bear in mind, brothers in misery, there's a silvery lining in every cloud. While the bottom seems to have dropped out of the Republican tub, and everything has a lurid appearance, yet there is a balm in Gilead, metaphorically speaking. For if the election don't just SUIT you, Webber the Factory Island clothier CAN. It matters not to him whether you are a Republican or a Democrat, he will fit you out in stylish habiliment and at a very low tariff.

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